Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you draw neere: louder the musicke there.

Cor. O my deere father,
Restoration hang thy medicine on my lippes,
And let this kisse repaire those violent harmes
That my two sisters haue in thy reuerence made.

Kent. Kinde and deere Princesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pitty of them. Was this a face
To be exposd against the warring windes,
To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quicke crosse lightning, to watch poore *Per du*,
With this thin helme? Mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, should haue stood that night
Against my fire, and wast thou faine (poore father)
To houill thee with swine and rogues forlorne,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alacke,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once,
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Doct. Madam do you, tis fittest.

C. How does my royal lord? how fares your maiesty

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out a'th graue,
Thou art a soule in blisse, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scald like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, know ye me?

Lear. Y'are a spirit I know, when did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Doct. He's scarse awake, let him alone awhile.

Lea. Where haue I bin? where am I? faire day light!
I am mightily abusd; I should eue dye with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands, let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd of my con-
Cor. O looke vpon me sir, (dition,
And hold your hands in benediction ore me,

No

No sir, you must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke m
I am a very foolish fond olde
Fourescore and vpward, and t
I feare I am not perfect in my
Me thinkes I should know you
Yet I am doubtfull: for I am
What place this is, and all the
Remembers not these garmen
Where I did lodge last night.
For (as I am a man) I thinke
To be my childe *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet?
If you haue poison for me I w
I know you do not loue me,
Haue (as I do remember) do
You haue some cause, they h

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne king

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted goo
cured in him, and yet it is d
hee has lost; desire him to
ther setling.

Cor. Wilt please your H

Lear. You must beare w
Pray now forget and forgi
I am olde and foolish.

Manet

Gen. Holds it true sir tha

Kent. Most certaine sir.

Gent. Who is conducto

Kent. As tis said, the ba

Gent. They say *Edgar* h

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